A

Poetical ESSAY

ON

VULGAR PRAISE *and* HATE, *&c.*

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Poetical ESSAY

ON

Vulgar PRAISE *and* HATE;

In which is contain'd,

The Character of a MODERN PATRIOT.

Could One believe that ſuch a Character,
Should even among the Populace ſeem Fair?
Yet ſo it is —— and Numbers on Him *gaze,*
As one whoſe Merit even tranſcends our Praiſe;
Yet from theſe Acts, if we the HERO *ſcan,*
Shew us a meaner Creature —— if you can?!
Or dare to ſay that Reputation's right,
Which leans on Pride, Diſloyalty, and Spite.

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POETICAL ESSAY

ON

THE PRESENT STATE OF

NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

A

Poetical ESSAY, *&c.*

HE who attempts to ſing the glorious
Deeds,
By which to Fame the Warriour
Chief ſucceeds;
And in the Numbers of his glowing Song,
Recites his Labours to the liſt'ning Throng;

Warm'd

Warm'd by the noble Acts of which he ſings
In lofty Strains, recording mighty Things;
Urg'd by an Ardor flowing from his Theam,
The *HERO*'s Genius is a *MUSE* to Him.
Inſpir'd by it, he paints impending War,
Battalions here are plac'd, there Squadrons are
Now moving to the Charge, he tells what Rage
Swells each brave Boſom, panting to engage,
With Valour's various Acts his *POEM* ſhines,
And all the Battle glitters in his Lines.

Caught by the Magic Muſic of his Song,
The Hearer bears unuſual Fire along;

Which

Which hightens as the Poem brighter grows,
And Courage, even in meekeſt Boſoms ſows
Their Rage, ſtill ripening as the Theme's purſu'd,
'Till all are *HERO*'s ----- 'ere the *BARD* conclude;
Yet much there comes not from th' inſpiring Muſe,
'Tis our own Paſſions does ſuch Warmth infuſe,
Eager they follow as the Poet leads,
And with vaſt eaſe Enthuſiaſm ſpreads.

Such is the Nature of the Humane Kind,
Fond of what glares, to nobler Virtues blind,
Things as they really are, they ſeldom ſee;
But take on Truſt --- tho' violent they be

In

In their Opinions ---- and ſtill more are ſo,
In all ſuch Matters as they leaſt can know;
Thus in Religion and in Policy,
The Mob purſue with zealous Vehemency,
What 'ere ſome jealous Chief thinks fit to call
His Country's Cauſe ----- for which aloud they bawl,
'Till this ſame ſeeming Saint the brainleſs Rout enthral.

Virtue and *Truth* like modeſt *Maids* are plain,
Hence no Admirers but the *Wiſe* they gain;
For ſtill the vulgar Crowd, as caught by Show,
Are fond of Falſhood, and on Vice beſtow
Their fickle Hearts ---- ſtill on the Wing to fly,
Wherewanton Airs invite, and gewgaw Finery;

Hence

Hence *FACTION* has of *Fools* ſo large a Train,

Since She, with *Hope*, is ſure to entertain

Each humble *Lover*, and to fix his Heart,

Mimicks each Grace, and calls forth all her Art,

'Till the deluded *Wretch* perſuaded be,

That *SHE*'s a *Virtue*, and a *Patriot HE*.

So perjur'd *PHILLIS*, tho' a common Jilt,

Conceals with ſtudied Airs, her real Guilt,

Puts on the *PRUDE*, and plays Her Part ſo well,

She ſeems in every Virtue to excel;

For not content with Chaſtity alone,

Her Piety and Wiſdom muſt be known;

To Prayers She's conſtant, in Diſcourſe She's quaint,
Within a Devil, and without a Saint,
Often ſome Novice juſt come up to Town,
Who's chang'd for Hat and Sword his Cap Gown,
Retaining ſtill his Pride and Pedantry,
Full of Himſelf, and none ſo wiſe as He;
Caught by Her Arts, to *Phillis* yields his Mind,
And ſwears Her beſt, and Faireſt of her Kind,
His Friends exhort ---- He's peeviſh ---- and loves on,
Nor can be undeceiv'd ---- until undone.

Thus *P*...., undebauch'd by *PARTY* Spite,
Was a good honeſt inoffenſive Wight,

Fortune

Fortune had bleſs'd him with a large Eſtate,
And this He thought a Title to be Great;
The Miniſter allow'd the Man his Way,
And gave him ſomething might his Pride allay;
He Bow'd, gave Thanks, and grateful for a while,
Did any thing which might deſerve a Smile,
Was Warm in ev'ry Part they could allot,
For Armies ſpoke, and ſanctify'd a Plot;
Then all at once *AMBITION* ſeiz'd the 'Squire,
Transfix'd his Heart and ſet his Soul a-fire;
He thought his Merit *vaſt*, his Riſe but *ſmall*,
So quits his Narrow Lodgings at *W*--- *H*---,
And by the Aſſiſtance of his Noble Friend,
Attain'd once more his preſent Darling End.

Reſtleſs again ---- Again he ſeeks to riſe,
Wiſely his Aid the Miniſter denies;
Repuls'd ---- *AMBITION* rounds him in the Ear,
'Tis much below your Honour this to bear,
No ſecond Summons wants the truſty 'Squire,
He long'd to give his ſtifled Malice Fire,
All in an Inſtant round about He goes,
Foes turn'd to Friends, and Friends are turn'd to Foes;
With wonted Vehemence He harangues the H-----,
Againſt the Things He did Himſelf eſpouſe;
And to Attain the *PATRIOT*'s glorious Name,
Did ev'ry Thing --- But what might merit Fame,

Caball'd

Caball'd with Men o're-charg'd with Public
Hate,
And even with branded Traytors to the
STATE,

Proud to diſplay in All he could his Wit,
Often he Speeches made or *C----tſmen* writ,
And in the Cauſe to ſhew his Heart was true,
He ventur'd Life ---- nay, more his Money too!

Could one believe that ſuch a *Character*,
Should even among the Populace ſeem Fair?
Yet ſo it is ---- and Numbers on *Him* gaze,
As one whoſe Merit even tranſcends our Praiſe,
Yet from thoſe Acts, if we the *HERO* ſcan,
Shew us a meaner Creature ---- if you can?

Or

Or dare to ſay that Reputation's Right,
Which Leans on Pride, Diſloyalty, and Spite.

Such Wretched Judges do the *MANY* make,
Warm in their Notions, ready to miſtake,
And then with Violence purſuing ſtill,
The giddy Dictates of their erring Will,
Directed juſt as things their Paſſion ſtrike,
Praiſe without Cauſe, and without Cauſe diſlike,
Elſe how can we Account for late Events,
And Public Joy from Publick Diſcontents,
Swelling to high Diſorders ---- ſuch as cauſe
Diſhonour to our Realm and to our Laws,
Meant to expreſs a Factions bloody Hate,
Againſt the Guardian of the *BRITISH STATE.*

And

And if with theſe there join'd a witleſs Throng,
Our Wonder need be neither great or long,
Mobs are but *Mobs* and always in the *Wrong*.

As when the *Moon* with intervening *Orb*,
Doth in the *SUN*'s high Noon the Day diſturb,
The gazing Crowd with ſecret Pleaſure ſee,
That glorious *Planet* can eclipſed be;
Juſt ſo in thoſe who guide the *Helm* of *State*,
They love to ſee them check'd becauſe they're Great;
Altho' in either Caſe *Themſelves* are ſtill
In greateſt *Danger* from the threaten'd *Ill*,
For *Crowds* are ever fearleſs till they *feel*.

F I N I S.